

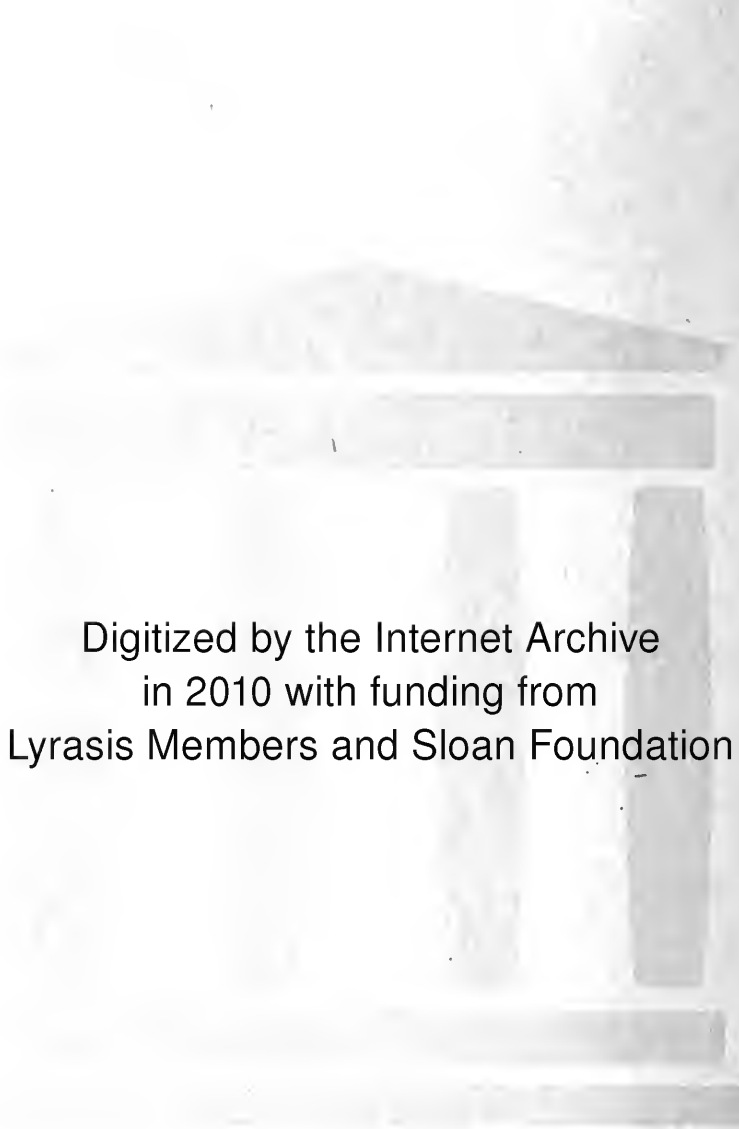
THE GLENER



NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

FOUNDER'S DAY
June 6, 1948





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THE



PLANNER

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N. F. S. & J. C. Becomes National Agricultural College

Offers Degree of Bachelor of Science

(Copy of speech by President James Work, read to the Faculty, Staff and Student Body at Assembly in Segal Hall on Tuesday, May 11, 1948, at the formal announcement of the approval of the Senior College.)

To the Members of the Faculty, Members of the Staff
and Members of the Student Body:

As you know, just two years ago the National Farm School was approved by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania as a Junior College.

Just one year ago the Board of Trustees authorized me to take such steps as were necessary to become approved as a Senior College authorized to grant the Bachelor of Science degree.

We have all worked diligently for the past year with this objective before us. Many of faint heart were inclined to feel that, due to the various and numerous strict requirements of the State, our objective was not possible of attainment till the distant future. This feeling was encouraged when it became known that many other Junior Colleges of long standing were having extreme difficulty in obtaining approval as Senior Colleges, and in fact, were not obtaining such approval.

However, with the fine support of our Board of Trustees, our Faculty, and our many friends, we were able to present to the State Council our case in a most favorable manner.

I should like to be with you personally to tell you that the State Council has viewed with favor our application. We are now approved as a Senior College, authorized to grant the degree of Bachelor of Science.

Our new name is the National Agricultural College.

It makes me very happy to be able to send this message to you. Our goal is now to make this the best college in the State. With the help of all of you, Faculty, Staff, and Students, this will be done.



FOUNDER'S DAY SECTION

PREPARED BY

JACK PERNATIN
ALFRED HASS

HERBERT ROSENOFF
SHELDON KOLTOFF



Front View of Joseph Krauskopf Memorial Library

WELCOME . . .

Dear Founder's Day Guest,

Welcome to the National Agricultural College! On behalf of the whole student body, we of the GLEANER extend our most sincere greetings to you who have come to take part in our second Founder's Day celebration since this school has become a College.

On this Sunday, June 6th, we will try to make your visit to The National Agricultural College a memorable one with the many exhibits, new additions to the school, the Governor of Pennsylvania as the principal speaker, and music supplied by the College String Band.



Block Memorial Chapel

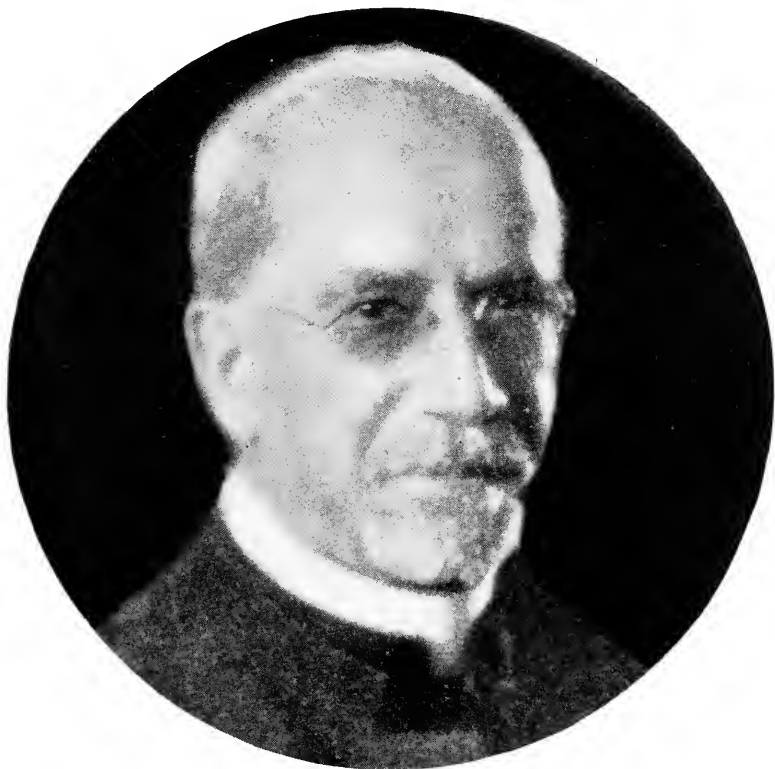
DR. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF

Joseph Krauskopf was born on January 21, 1858, in Ostrow, Posen, then a part of Prussia. Young Joseph spent much time with his father, a lumber dealer, in their native forests. It was here that he first learned to appreciate the gifts of nature.

At the age of fourteen, he accompanied an older brother to the United States and secured employment with a tea merchant in Fall River, Massachusetts.

Mrs. M. B. Slade of Fall River became interested in him. Learning of his desire to become a rabbi, and having heard of the proposed founding of the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, she suggested to young Krauskopf the possibility of his entering.

In 1883 Joseph Krauskopf received the Degree of Bachelor of Arts from the University of Cincinnati, and was shortly afterwards ordained a Rabbi in the first class of students to be graduated from Hebrew Union College.



As the head of a large congregation in Kansas City, he soon achieved a widespread reputation, not only because of the originality of his lectures, but also because of his civic and communal interest in the welfare of the growing city.

In 1887 the faculty of his alma mater conferred upon him the Degree of Doctor of Divinity. The same year he was called to the pulpit of Congregation Keneseth Israel of Philadelphia, where he

preached to people of all creeds. He remained as the leader of this congregation until his death on June 12, 1923.

Dr. Krauskopf was a pioneer in many religious and civic movements. He was one of the founders of the Jewish Publication Society of America. In the year 1892, he organized the Personal Interest Society, the forerunner of the present Social Service Agencies. In the following year Dr. Krauskopf was instrumental in establishing the Model Dwelling Association, an effort to rid Philadelphia of its slums. In 1894, he urged the establishment of a Model Kitchen for the city. He was also active in the formation of the National Federation of Religious Liberals. During America's war with Spain, he was appointed Special Field Commissioner of the National Relief Commission. He was designated Special Representative of the Secretary of Agriculture to investigate general conditions of Agriculture in Europe. In 1903, he was elected President of the Central Conference of American Rabbis. During the World War, he was appointed by Herbert Hoover as a member of the Food Conservation Board.

One might continue to enumerate indefinitely the various activities which occupied his interest and time.

American people knew Dr. Krauskopf as the courageous preacher, the community worker, the organizer, executive, the leader. They saw the success he attained in whatever he undertook. He had a dream of almost messianic proportions, and he had faith in his ideals. He knew that life could be sweeter, fuller, and better, if one had the earnest will to make it so. His life represents that of a truly **practical idealist**.

* * * * *

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

The present dormitory cost \$150,000?

Professor Purmell was formerly dean of an agricultural school in Woodbine, New Jersey?

The house that Professor Fiesser lives in on Farm Number Three was built in 1729 by a Robert Shewell, who named it "Painswick Hall", after his old home in England?

President Work was Chief Engineer at the Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, New Jersey, in 1921?

Early students were requested to bring as part of their articles of clothing: one half-dozen shirt collars, two pair of cuffs, two bosom shirts, three night shirts, and one umbrella?

A Farm School sow on Monday, April 14, 1933, farrowed a litter of fifteen pigs? Six days later she farrowed a litter of thirteen more?

A Farm School cow, Pennhurst Esther, was the Grand Champion Ayrshire cow at the Pennsylvania Farm Show in 1935?

When Professor Schmieder was asked why farm products cost more than they formerly did, he replied, "Well, when a farmer is supposed to know the botanical name of what he is raising and the entomological name of the bugs that eat it, and the chemical name of the stuff that will kill the bugs—someone has to pay for all this knowledge."

REPRINT OF LETTER SENT TO DR. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF
BY PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

March 19, 1906.

My dear Sir:

Secretary Wilson informs me that he has visited the National Farm School which you and your colleagues have started at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and he speaks in the most emphatic manner of the value of the work you are doing. I remember well when I had the good fortune to meet you at Santiago during the Spanish-American War, when as National Relief Commissioner you were the guest of the late General Joseph Wheeler. Permit me to wish to you and your colleagues all possible success in the admirable effort you are making to train the lads in whom you are interested in practical and scientific agriculture for agricultural callings. There is nothing more needed in this country than the various movements under way to render farm work more scientific, ~~more profitable~~, more profitable, as well as ~~more attractive~~ more attractive; for no nation can afford to forget that in the last resort its well-being rests upon the well-being and high character of the man who tills the soil.

With all good wishes, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

RABBI DR. JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF,
4715 PULASKI AVENUE,
PHILADELPHIA.

FIRST DAYS

In this, the second year of our College, and at the time of commemoration of Founder's Day, it is interesting to look back at the early history of Farm School.

Most of us know that this institution was founded by Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf of Philadelphia. In 1894, Dr. Krauskopf went to Russia to find out about the conditions of his people and to seek means for the amelioration of their problems. He noticed the zeal with which Jews pursued agriculture within the limits allowed them by their government. This left a profound impression upon him, and was to affect his later work.

Although his attempt to see the Czar was unsuccessful, he managed to visit Leo Tolstoy, the famous writer. Upon the Count's suggestion, he visited a Jewish agricultural school in Odessa and was so convinced that he decided to establish one in America. His main purpose was to take Jewish immigrant boys, who were headed for the slums and sweat shops of the city, and to bring them out to the country into a life of agriculture.

Upon his return to America, Dr. Krauskopf began his work for the proposed school. It was officially incorporated on May 2, 1896, and the first class was admitted a year later. From the beginning, the school was nonsectarian in character. Basically an experiment, the school went through trying times during the first few years. When originally purchased, the site comprised 122 acres and cost \$10,000. With farm buildings, furniture and farm equipment, it was valued at \$30,000.

The first building, Pioneer Hall, contained classrooms, library, dining room, kitchen, laundry, offices, gymnasium, labs, dormitory, quarters for the Dean, etc. The building was truly a pioneer. An interesting sidelight shows that originally the founder intended the school to be co-educational, but a shortage of funds prevented female students from matriculating. Attempts were made again throughout the years, under the theory that if city boys were to become tillers of the soil, they needed mates with the same background. However, there were never sufficient finances to institute this plan.

When the first class entered in 1897, ten students were present. In 1901, the first fruits of Dr. Krauskopf's dream and reality were brought forth. The first graduating class, composed of eight students, was the tangible result of the cornerstone laid five years previously.

Under the able care and guidance of Dr. Krauskopf, this institution grew and developed. It was truly a great loss, not only to the school but to his people as well, when on June 12, 1923, Joseph Krauskopf was gathered unto his fathers.

The National Farm School, "born", as he said in his last Will and Testament, "of my innermost conviction in the supreme worth of agriculture, the honorable calling of our ancestors, as one of the best means of securing safety and happiness to the sorely afflicted of our people," has now grown into an institution truly national in scope, possessing over a thousand acres of land, a splendidly equipped plant, a faculty of high caliber, and an institution which has graduated several hundred men, the majority of whom are engaged in agriculture directly or in allied fields.



Interior View of Joseph Krauskopf Memorial Library

WHO'S WHO ON THE FACULTY

PROFESSOR HENRY SCHMIEDER

"Yes, I've noticed that all students with straight hair receive good grades while those with curly hair do poorly. Now why should that be?" No further words should be necessary to introduce Professor Henry Schmieder (B.Sc., M.Sc.), Associate Professor of Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, Plant Physiology, Pathology, you name it.

And in case you've wanted to know more about this instructor who believes that hair reflects one's marks, (law of correlation of external morphological characteristics with internal physi-

Lutheran missionary who left Philadelphia upon the invitation of early Canadian homesteaders who wanted a minister. His father received one hundred and sixty acres as a tract of land. He stayed there for some time.

However, wishing to give his children schooling, the elder Mr. Schmieder moved to California because there were no schools near his home. But the Schmieders had left their mark in Saskatchewan. The province had asked his father to name the newly growing town, and he decided on Edenwold, because it reminded him of a plain, fruitful as the Garden of Eden.

Professor Schmieder began his formal education at a kindergarten in California. The Professor's only prize was awarded for clean hands and feet in a district where children went barefoot. At the time, his home was in an outlying rural district.

Tracing his migrations through various agricultural areas, he notes that he had left the wheat belt in Canada for the orange groves of California. A half year later, he was on the way again. This time he found himself in Wayne County, New York, the apple orchard district. There he entered grade school.

Apparently he didn't stop moving either, for upon finishing grade school, he decided to reside in Philadelphia. The first experience with his future field was encountered when he took biology as a senior elective at Central High School. He became intensely fascinated by this subject and has maintained that interest ever since.

(Continued on page 15)



Professor H. Schmieder at work

ological characteristics), and who raises bees with an avid enthusiasm, perhaps these few words might help.

Born in Saskatchewan, Canada, in the heart of the wheat belt, Professor Schmieder explains that his father was a

MODERN TRENDS IN AGRICULTURE

Today, after generations of practical experience and systematic research, we are facing a major agricultural revolution. A great number of complex forces are rapidly changing conventional farming and transforming it completely. Chemistry and technology are bringing it under control. Within the last century, the application of the results of scientific investigation to the cultivation of the soil has increased constantly.

I shall try to present some of the major factors that do at present, and may in the future, contribute to this process.

Intensive farming on the soil, with the use of synthetic fertilizers, mechanization and other means of control, is progressing to such an extent that with even fifty percent efficiency in the best farming practice, a mere fraction of the present cultivated farm land would suffice to produce all the foodstuffs needed in the world. In the United States, for instance, less than one-fifth of the nation's land area provides, directly as foodstuffs and fiber, or indirectly as feed and forage for livestock, most of the agricultural products that go to meet local and foreign needs.

The entire trend and direction of the scientific revolution in agriculture is to duplicate and take out of cultivation all staple products of nature and to manufacture them synthetically by automatic process in factories. Materials extracted out of nature are being replaced by materials constructed by man. Indeed, man will not obtain full control over nature until he learns to produce goods with the properties he desires, instead of doing the best he can with the items that are already there.

Thus, the character of scientific improvement is to enable people to get products in better quality, in greater quantity, and with less physical toil. We may divide the changes taking place in the agricultural production into four successive stages.

I. Primitive stage: still practiced over wide areas, in which seeds are planted in rows and nature is left to take its course. A little fertilizer is used, but unscientifically.

II. Intensive stage: coming into use, in which large quantities of synthetic fertilizers are applied to the soil to reap enormous yields. This stage came about with the introduction of the Haber-Bosch nitrate-fixation method, invented in Germany during the last century.

III. Control stage: eliminates the soil as being unnecessary to plant growth. Plants are grown in solutions of necessary inorganic growth, substances in trays or cabinets, giving a new crop every few weeks. This stage takes agriculture off the farms into factories and places it under man-made control, eliminating the dependence of farming upon climatic conditions and all other elements of chance in general.

IV. Synthetic stage: in which the chemist transfers the whole agricultural enterprise to the factory, eliminating seeds, plants, sun, rain, wind and soil. He finds out what the plant is made of, duplicates or imitates it, and provides unlimited production of uniform products by automatic processes.

In all this, one will probably recognize nothing but a Utopian
(Continued on page 26)

NO MORE OPPORTUNITIES?

We overheard two fellows talking the other day and the topic of their discussion seemed to sound strangely familiar. They were talking of the lack of opportunities to do something spectacular, something that no one had ever thought of doing before.

We were surprised to hear that kind of talk from fellows who were supposed to be of college grade, fellows who were supposed to have greater ambitions than the ordinary man in the street.

It seems to us that the people who have done great things did not do them simply because they wanted to do something that would put them in the limelight. They certainly didn't worry about a lack of opportunity. If they had they would have destroyed their only chances.

If Columbus had sat down on a curb in Naples and worried about a lack of opportunity, he would never have gotten to Spain and Isabella would have kept her jewelry. Edison could have sat on his telegrapher's stool worrying about somebody inventing the electric light before he did (in fact somebody did), but that didn't stop him from going ahead and doing what he wanted to do.

Some fool in the southwest grows Vetiver. Do you know what Vetiver is? Another man grows Safflower. Do you know what Safflower is? Ten to one you can't tell us what either is, and fifty to one you can't tell us what the first is without looking it up in some dusty old Botany book.

Vetiver is an East Indian plant. It is used as a base by perfume manufacturers. Safflower is a thistle. Two men in the United States grow Vetiver. They control a vast industry. Almost every farmer in this area grows thistle, whether he wants to or not. Why not grow Safflower as a cash crop?

But why go into things nobody knows anything about? Do something that is common. Grow four leaf clovers. One man in the mid-west sells millions of them annually. Or better yet, why not try to feed the American people? Did you know that in order to feed the American people as they should be fed, American farmers must increase:

the number of dairy cattle	76 %
the number of beef cattle	43 %
the number of veal calves	68 %
the number of hogs	22 %
the number of sheep	42 %
the number of poultry	36 %
the production of vegetables	204 %
the production of citrus fruits	51 %
the production of other fruits	394 %

The numbers following some of the items sound fantastic. Imagine raising twice as many vegetables as we do now. Think of doubling the poultry industry or the dairy industry, of the number of beef animals in the country.

These are just a few of the opportunities that are open to you. You must exploit them. If you don't like any of the ideas suggested herein there is always one more thing you can do. You can build a better mousetrap.

—J. PSMITH

The Value of Green Range for Growing Poultry

Now that spring is here, the wise poultryman should begin to make plans for putting his pullets on range. Unless this operation of ranging young stock is given a considerable amount of thought, and a sound management plan drawn up, the valuable benefits derived from ranging will be lost. In other words, if a sound program is not followed, the results may be a total loss to the poultryman. He may lose many birds through disease and from the attack of wild life.

The primary purpose in ranging pullets is to give them green feed. Their range food is rich in nutrients, especially in vitamins and proteins. The range provides a cheap method of getting feed into birds, and the green grass and legumes stimulate appetite and increase the feed consumption. The range affords the birds the opportunity of obtaining exercise and sunshine, which increases activity and in turn decreases cannibalism.

There are many varieties of grasses and legumes, each poultryman having his own opinion as to which varieties are best. The main types to look for in selecting grasses and legumes are young, tender, actively growing, and palatable plants. If the plants do not have these qualities, they will contain a considerable amount of fiber, which can not be utilized by poultry.

Some of the most common range crops in this section are Kentucky blue grass, timothy, clover, and alfalfa. All these crops supply the tender growth that the pullets require. The range is made more profitable and larger returns are gained when these crops are planted in a mixture. In this way the range will have a fresh supply of green feed all through the summer months.

Of course, the poultry farmer can have all the above advantages but unless he has a sound range management plan, all these benefits cannot be secured on a profitable basis. The poultry range should be on a well drained soil with at least a two year rotation. The range should be clipped four to eight times a season, so that there will always be a fresh supply of tender shoots. Growth should never exceed eight inches in height. The range equipment should be moved at various intervals, whenever deemed necessary. Moving the range eliminates bare spots, encourages birds to range, and in turn distributes the droppings more evenly.

Three to eight hundred birds distributed to the acre is advisable, but the condition of the range in relation to the amount of birds per acre is the most important factor to consider. One hundred and twenty heavy birds, and one hundred and fifty of the light breeds, to each shelter is a safe amount.

If most of these management suggestions are followed, a successful season can be expected.

NATHAN SANDLER

Next Issue of the Gleaner October 15th

Garden Vegetables Versus Market Vegetables

Vegetables are and should be an important part of the diet; but how many times does a vegetable measure up to its fullest capacity as to appearance, freshness, odor, taste, texture, and vitamin and mineral content? A vegetable from your own garden has a much greater possibility of being ideal for eating than one from any other source. Let us examine some of the factors which make it imperative for everyone to secure garden fresh vegetables.

If eating is to be more than just a life-maintaining process, our food must taste good. Vegetables can be tasty; but from the assorted types of cardboard many people are accustomed to eating, you would never realize it. Most vegetables on the tables of our country today are tasteless compounds differing only as to appearance, size and color. Only when you can pick the lima bean from the bush at just the proper stage of development can you be assured of a sweet, juicy bean instead of the dried-out ball of starch found on the shelves of your local market.



Applying Nitrate of Soda Around Cabbage Plants

Many vegetables such as beans, peas, corn, and asparagus deteriorate in taste quality in a matter of hours. Not only have many market vegetables lost their natural taste, but also, according to Ohio State University, forty three percent have lost a large part of their vitamin content as well. As vegetables are one of the few remaining cheap, natural sources of vitamins, we cannot afford to pass lightly over such evidence.

To secure the characteristics necessary for a market vegetable (high yield, good keeping and shipping qualities, characteristic size and color), certain desirable qualities such as good texture,

tenderness, and taste have to be sacrificed. A vegetable that is going to hold up for rough market handling and long distance shipping, cannot have the state and tenderness which is present in a typical garden variety. Big yields necessary for the farmer mean little to the home gardener.

Better varieties and many different kinds of vegetables can be raised in the home garden. Most markets on the other hand, can offer only the well known vegetables. Many vegetables which, for various reasons, rarely ever appear on the market are actually better from both nutritional and taste viewpoints.

Swiss chard, a vegetable the taste of which many people prefer to spinach, has almost the same nutritional value as spinach. Beet tops, usually not worth eating when beets are purchased from the market, make a much more appetizing dish than spinach. Leaf lettuce is far better and crisper in sandwiches and salads than the naturally blanched inner leaves of the more popular, less nutritional head lettuce.

The gardener can afford to try a few rows of some new vegetable or foreign importation, but the commercial grower cannot take a chance. New vegetables may have a novelty value on the market, but their selling value is nil.

Esthetically, as well as nutritionally, garden fresh vegetables are the only kind to eat.

DAVID BLUMENFIELD

* * * * *

WHO'S WHO ON THE FACULTY

(Continued from page 10)

On the occasion of his fourteenth birthday, a very significant incident occurred: his father gave him a hive of bees for a present. Some present, hey? That's how it began. Since then he has been stung thousands of times. Perhaps each sting has injected a further love for the "golden throng."

Professor Schmieder prefers raising bees to any other agricultural enterprise because, "There's no sense in raising cows and having to wake up every morning at 4:30 to milk them. Why be a slave to animals? Get bees, and let them do the work of making you a livelihood."

After graduation from high school, Professor Schmieder attended the University of Pennsylvania and majored in Biology. He received a Bachelor of

Science degree at the age of twenty-two. Professor Schmieder now traveled north to Rochester to teach at Wagner College. At the request of his alma mater, he was called back to continue his studies and he proceeded to work for his Master's Degree.

A short time later, Professor Schmieder acquired a position at Farm School and completed his Master's here. He has been here ever since that fateful year, 1921. Since that time he has taught subjects covering a wide range from biology and chemistry to English, history, and literature, and has mixed philosophy with each, thus making courses alive.

In twenty-seven years of teaching, Professor Schmieder has never missed a day. Nor has he ever been late, without an excuse. —ALFRED HASS

THE FORGOTTEN FOWL

Geese seem to be a forgotten fowl in America. American producers, usually keen at picking the best types of livestock for profit or home food supply, have almost completely overlooked the most efficient of all meat makers. In Europe and Asia however, geese have been highly valued for centuries. Before the last war Europeans raised more than 100 million geese a year.

One of the most amazing things about geese is their inexpensive feed requirements. Geese are far superior to chickens in this respect. They give 15 pounds of meat for 11 pounds of grain. Just let your geese have access to grass and water, and they will virtually raise themselves. Only when the green pastures are gone do they need to be fed grain.

Geese are the cheapest and easiest of all poultry to raise. Extremely hardy, they are rarely affected by any of the diseases common to chickens and other poultry.

A gander may be mated with from one to four geese, but pair or trio matings usually give the best results. Four to twenty-five geese may be ranged on an acre of pasture. Fences two or three feet high will keep geese confined to a given range,

The most common objection one hears, is that goose meat is too greasy, but this is not true if it is properly prepared. Besides, that "awful goose fat" is exquisite in taste, and highly regarded by knowing cooks for pastry shortening, bread spread and other cooking. If you like dark meat, which I think is more tasty and succulent than white, you should like goose.

The by-products of geese are exceptional. When especially fattened, they develop large livers which can be made into the famous "paté de foie gras", which means "patty of fattened goose liver". The feathers have been plucked from live geese for centuries. They are usually picked in the spring or fall, or in both seasons, just before the molt. About a pound of feathers may be obtained from a goose during a year.

I feel sure that on many small farms profits would increase with a growing geese flock. At this time of scarce and high-priced grain, American farmers and poultrymen should take a closer look at these big, low-cost high-producing grasseaters.

DON SELAK

* * * * *

THE FIRST TIME I DIED

This saga of farm life is one of those, "It can't happen to us" stories. At least everyone tells that to me when I relate this adventure, a tale as true as night and day.

It all began in the heat and sweat of late August. I had just finished a hard day's labor, baling hay and loading it into a barn. After gorging myself with the food which replenished my depleted source of energy, I decided to go down to the creek for a swim. My fellow laborers had neither the strength nor the ambition to undertake the long walk, but certain that the swim would be well worth the hike, I wrapped my suit in a towel and began my journey.

The hot sun was rapidly losing its radiance when I trudged

over the hill that was the last barrier to my long-sought relaxation. I swam and swam, altogether losing track of the time. Before I had realized my predicament, it was dark. I dressed rapidly, trying to take advantage of the last rays of daylight. I was not at all worried about the trip back, for the route was so familiar to me that I could practically find my way home blindfolded.

The cool night air blowing over the rippling waters of the creek enticed me, so I sat down on the bank to regain my stamina. The trees leaned toward the water in what looked like an attempt to relieve a scorching thirst. As my eyes picked apart the night surrounding me, I felt myself slowly dozing into a light sleep.

I awoke somewhat startled, to see the moon brightly lighting up this panorama of nature. There was something other than the rustling sound of the leaves that my ears strained to hear. It sounded like footsteps, but I could not realize who would be out in the woods at this hour of the night. As the sounds came closer, I found that my first observations had been correct.

At first, I thought that they might be the footsteps of a friend of mine, but they sounded too hurried to belong to my corpulent pal. I remembered! A homicidal maniac had escaped from the state institution about ten miles from our farm. As soon as I thought of this, I rose to my feet and began to imagine all sorts of horrible thoughts. The trees that before were bending, sweeping, wonders of nature, became long sinewy arms, reaching for me.

The horrible plodding steps came closer and closer, until finally I saw their owner appear between a break in the trees. He looked exactly as I had always believed a maniac would look. He was tall, so tall that his head seemed to touch the low hanging branches of the trees. His head was almost square, and his features were so sharp that I could almost tell what he looked like from my distant vantage point. On his face was a grin, a mocking, wicked grin. His skin shone in the bright moonlight, so that his many tensed muscles were in plain view. He was heading straight for me.

I turned, trying to keep calm, and began to walk along the rocky banks of the creek. I looked over my shoulder and saw that he was still following me with his tremendous strides, each of which brought him slowly closer to me.

Then, I could no longer control my emotions. I broke for the woods in a burst of speed which carried me into the temporary safety of nature. I ran and ran, tripping over vines, scratching myself on thorns, but still I ran. I didn't stop running until I was against the broad expanse of a solid oak tree, my sweat was dripping from my pores, diluting the breeze with its pungency. I tried to fill my lungs with some of that precious breeze, but my gasps did not seem to relieve my burning desire for the air. Finally, I turned to see if he had gone.

There he was, not even breathing hard from his long chase; there he was still tramping on the tracks left by my scampering legs.

My impulse commanded me at once again to begin to run, and my tired muscles responded, although the response was less in earnest than it had been before. I ran, and as I ran I looked about to see if I could find a hiding place from my pursuer. The heavy

breathing of my hunter was beginning to drown out my gasps, and as he came closer I could almost feel him reaching out for my throat.

All at once I saw a towering barn, standing alone in the wilderness. My legs carried me there as quickly as they could. I pushed open the door and, at the same time, tried to find a secluded spot in which to hide. As soon as I saw the upper loft was piled high with loose hay, I climbed up to it and buried myself beneath the sheltering hay. This was my position as the raving maniac followed my trail into this haven. I tried to hold my breath so as to avoid giving away my position.

He began a slow, methodical search for me. First the corners, then the horse stalls. Finally he looked up, a wicked grin slowly engulfing his countenance. I could hear his hideous grunts as he bent the ladder with his tremendous weight. He reached the loft without much further difficulty, and began a thorough search. He was only five feet away from me.

Then he tripped over my leg and I knew that I was through. He stripped me of my covering. At this time my heart stopped beating, my lungs refused to breathe and I was sure that I was dead. I saw him raise his hand. It was a tremendous, cruel, sweaty hand; its ridges were deeply defined and its fingernails hung menacingly over the edge of his digits. He brought this hand down on my prostrate back, and then he laughed, "Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha." He stopped laughing and, after pounding me on the back, roared again in a childish voice: "I'm playing tag Now you're it"

ROBERT GERSHENSON

* * * * *

1948 Varsity Football Schedule

Oct. 2-East Stroudsburg State Teachers College J. V.	Alumni Field, Farm School
Oct. 9-N. Y. State Agri. and Tech. Institute	Memorial Field, Doylestown
Oct. 16-Glassboro State Teachers College	Memorial Field, Doylestown
Oct. 23-Franklin and Marshall College Freshmen	Memorial Field, Doylestown
Oct. 30-City College of New York J. V.	New York City
Nov. 6-Baltimore Junior College	Memorial Field, Doylestown
Nov. 13-Potomac State College	Memorial Field, Doylestown
Nov. 20-New Haven State Teachers College	Alumni Field, Farm School
First Game Cpt.—Dick Clark	Coach—Bernard Emil
Trainer—Leonard Segal	Manager—Robert Mollan
Music at each game by the Agricultural College String Band	
Football Practice Starts August 16th	

EXCHANGES

by DAVE MILLER

CORNELL COUNTRYMAN—Feb. '48—from the article **Where They Make D. V. M's.**

We weren't surprised when we were told that only 40 to 50 students were taken into the college (Veterinary Medicine) out of 752 applicants who were interviewed. We were surprised to learn that only eight out of 126 college graduates who applied were accepted.

MISSOURI COLLEGE FARMER—Feb. '48

"Today I met a girl who had never been kissed."

"I would like to meet her."

"You're too late now."

CORNELL COUNTRYMAN—Feb. '48—from the article **Desperate Journey.**

At milking time, the cows are led into a waiting area, then allowed to walk through to be milked. The milk of each cow is automatically weighed and goes straight over to the cooler without ever being touched by human hands. There is no pasteurization, people in Britain being opposed to it on the whole, because of supposed boiled taste.

DREXEL TRIANGLE—Feb. 27—'48

Report cards are outmoded, according to Dr. Ruth Stang of Columbia University. Letters to parents and self grading are being used with increasing success. Self grading is the most progressive method and besides it would eliminate grading books, recording of cuts, paper grading and perhaps even final exams for teachers to proctor.

DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN—March 10—'48—from the article **Study Program Warns Against Overlearning.**

Few students ever consider the idea of overlearning as they prepare a particular assignment; but those who have made exhaustive research into the problem of studying wish the pupil to go somewhat beyond the point of correct repetition. The process of forgetting what one has just learned sets in so rapidly that overlearning is just a little extra insurance toward retaining the information studied.

MISSOURI COLLEGE FARMER—Feb. '48—editorial.

It seems that basic chemistry courses should be taught so that the average college student can comprehend the material as it is related to agriculture or a dozen other occupations, rather than discourage the student by standards only for the professional chemist.

MISSOURI COLLEGE FARMER—Feb. '48

"A mink coat would be worth all it costs if it made the woman look as good as it makes her feel."

"Puppy love is the natural beginning of a dog's life."

"There is no higher religion than human service. To work for the common good is the greatest creed."—Albert Einstein.

BOOK REVIEW

PLOWMAN'S FOLLY—Edward H. Faulkner

PLOWMAN'S FOLLY is a book that should be read by everyone who has an interest in agriculture. Its author seriously challenges all existing standard agricultural practices; those who have studied the soil will no doubt find much in his argument to dispute.

Faulkner's basic premise is that the moldboard plow is the least satisfactory implement in the preparation of land for the production of crops. Much of the book is an attempt to validate this hypothesis. The author asserts that no soil scientist has ever given any scientific reason for plowing. One who has studied the soil knows that plowing will remove the vegetation, and the roots which compete with the newly planted crop for nutrients.

As a remedy for soil problems, he advocates the integration of organic matter into the soil. None of us can argue the importance of organic matter in soil fertility, but we all know that organic matter is not the only factor needed in soil productiveness. Here is the weakness in Faulkner's thinking. His extremist view advocates the complete elimination of the plow and the inclusion of organic matter as the cure for all soil problems. This type of thinking is hardly logical or rational.

Although we do not have to accept Faulkner's basic premise, there is much in what he says that we should consider. Some of his remarks and criticisms follow.

Plowing the land is contrary to the laws of nature. Any unplowed field will year after year have vegetation thriving, without the use of tillage or fertilizers. In periods of draught, vegetation on an unplowed strip will subsist while plants in a cultivated field will be in drastic need of moisture. (Faulkner here fails to realize that vegetation on an unplowed strip has established a balance between soil and plant by annual growth of the same plant; while vegetation takes more out of the soil than it is able to return by the annual growth of usually different plants that have different nutrient requirements.)

The ignorant, poverty stricken Chinese, who does not have the machinery to cultivate the soil produces more per acre than the American farmer with his modern equipment. (Faulkner does not state that the Chinese have cheap labor available, something the American farmer cannot compete with.)

An experiment showed that a field rich in organic matter on a 45 degree slope suffered little runoff of water during a rain. Decaying leaves are able to hold moisture. On plowed land there is nothing to hold the water after the soil particles have become saturated. (This point is valid, but it may also be said that contour and strip farming have accomplished commendable results on steep slopes.)

The consequences of plowing are:

(1) The capillary action of the soil is broken up. The soil takes time until the normal water supply is restored.

(2) The organic matter is so deeply buried that very few

plants are able to send their roots down to get the nutrients of organic decay.

(3) The CO_2 which is produced upon the decay of organic matter is unable to combine with water to form carbonic acid, the best nutrient solvent.

(1) The capillary action of the soil is so negligible, that it can not warrant consideration as a serious source of plant moisture.

(2) Continuous plowing will bring to the surface, soil containing decayed organic matter. (3) A true affirmation, but if the soil is one receiving a large quantity of moisture this is not too serious a problem.

Organic matter will eliminate the need for fertilizers. The bacteria that are instrumental in decaying organic matter absorb nitrogen from the air. An experiment which the author tried in 1942 (when weather conditions were very poor) incorporated organic matter into the soil before tomatoes and cucumbers were planted. No fertilizers, fungicides, or insecticides were used, yet the crop produced sold for premium prices. (Many farmers who believe in incorporating organic matter into the soil still believe it is necessary to use fertilizers. Before Faulkner's experimental results can be accepted, more experimental evidence is needed than that of a single season.)

Organic matter makes it unnecessary to use chemicals on plants as a protection against insects or disease. The nutrients that organic matter makes available to plants will leave less sugar and sap in the leaves of the plants and will offer a less palatable dish for parasites. With the strengthening of the plant and its environment, the parasite will find conditions that are not conducive to its development.

(All orchard growers believe it is impossible to grow fruit profitably today without the use of sprays. Faulkner manifests no experimental data to verify his assumptions. The last part of the statement is naturally true.)

Although the book is open to much criticism, it has caused great debate in the agricultural field, among farmers as well as scientists. Any student interested in the subject should read the book to examine the arguments himself and form his own conclusions.

DAVID MILLER

* * * * *

YOUR CLASSMATES IN THE DORM

Benny Poholsky was telling us about the days when—. He had just brought Rhoda home, and the clock tolled 5 A.M. Her momma called down after a while to see what was going on. The worried Rhoda replied, "Gee, Mom, did the noise disturb you?" The wise mater rejoined, "Not the noise, the silence".

* * *

The grapevine tells us that Howard Jaffe really drives fast. He drives like lightning,—always striking things.

Your reporter questioned Akers on how he got Slothower to dig him some worms for a fishing trip.

Akers replied, "It's easy, for every five he digs, I give him one to eat."

* * * *

DURING CLASS

Sonny Gold in Zoology class: "Gee, it says here that a single fish can lay thousands and thousands of eggs."

Dr. Bowen: "That's true, Gold. So what?"

Gold: "Well, I was just wondering how many eggs a married one can lay."

* * * *

Mr. Finkler: "Kaul, How do you spell inadvertently?"

Frank Kaul (after long thought): "Wrong!"

* * * *

One day Dr. Bowen was firing questions at us poor "Studes", and asked, "Where do you find Hippopotamuses?"

Finally a wise and intelligent looking chap slowly got up from his seat. "Well, they're so big that they never get lost."

* * * *

Gersh: "Hey, Art, have you got any scars?"

Art: "No, but I have some cigarettes."

* * * *

X-TRA-CURRICULAR

In the gym one day, I asked Lee Cotler how he got his black eye.

He answered, "Well, Gersh, it was an accident."

I asked, "What kind of accident?"

Lee: "I was sitting on Parmi and forgot to hold his legs."

* * * *

Greenberg was interviewing men for the staff of the GREEN AND GOLD.

"Well, Hass, so you'd like to write for our paper."

Hass: "Yes——Sir !!!"

Greenberg: "Do you lie or exaggerate?"

Hass: "No, but I'm willing to learn."

* * * *

We understand that Staebble has arranged a little piece for the band. When Rosen found out he exclaimed, "Good! It's about time we had a little peace from them."

* * * *

Stein went to see Mr. Miller to ask permission to change his room.

Mr. Miller said, "But you were so pleased with your lower bunk. 'What's come over you?'"

Stein shouted: "A guy that sings."

* * * *

We got all this dirt straight from the birds, but we also got these classic wise words:

Wisdom is knowing what to do next—Skill is knowing how to do it—Virtue is—not doing it—.

BOB GERSHENSON—BEN POHOLSKY

Death Strikes

It was a bright sunny day, and everyone bound for the gray building had naught but good will in his heart, or so it seemed. Certainly, not one of these clean cut specimens of young American manhood could have been thinking of anything, the likes of which would suggest-murder, premeditated, carefully planned and methodical-murder.

No one would have been able to judge by the outward appearances of these young men what they so cleverly concealed within their scheming minds. The time arrived for their entrance into the gray, apparently innocent building. Who knew, or would venture to guess what was about to happen in just a short while? They entered, one by one, saying very little to each other. Some of them were sure of what was about to take place, others had a faint idea, but all of them were prepared for the gory exercise.

Now, they were all gathered in the little room—some more waiting! Impatience could be felt in the very atmosphere. There was milling about for a short while, and dull undertones of mumbling voices, but not for long.

The door at the rear of the small room opened, and one who seemed to hold authority over all the rest entered. A hush fell over the occupants of the veritable death chamber, and the empty seats therein became occupied. All sat, more expectant now than at any time before. It was clear that the fateful moment was approaching rapidly. The high one stood before the group and made a statement which removed all doubt from any mind. Now it was known. The task was made clear to each one—premeditated, carefully planned and methodical-murder!

Time was growing short and many things had to be accomplished, so the group sat down to its ghoulish work. One of the group was selected by the high one to bring forth the victim. Needless to say, the victim knew what was about to take place. Some how she was resigned to the fact that she must die. From the moment that she first drew breath in this world she was marked for death by the hands of a killer such as the one which held her firmly in a steel-like grip at that moment. This was the fate of all those like her, and she was well aware of it.

Even though, as I said, she was more or less resigned to the fact that death must come, she could not help wanting to live. It was that almighty will to survive, which is imbedded in every one of us, that made her struggle and scream hysterically in an effort to free herself so that she might once again walk among the green grass and feel the warmth of the midday sun shining down upon her. Truly, she was too young to die, and especially in such a manner. She was in the very springtime of her youth and these mad fiends planned to put an end to her simple, yet happy life.

All the screaming and struggling that she put forth could not faze this cold-blooded group. The operation proceeded according to plan. "Who will do it?", was the question put forth in mono-

tone by the head man. "I will," came the answer from one in the center of the room. The man stepped forward. He was young and presented a fairly good appearance. Probably he had a family, perhaps a mother and father by whom he was loved dearly. To all appearances, he was a nice young gentleman, but within him was the urge to kill.

He stepped forward. Upon reaching the front of the room he carefully eyed the beautiful body, full of youth and life, which would soon be cold and dead by his hand. He looked for a moment into her eyes. They were sad-no, frantic, pleading eyes. All this did not faze him. He raised his eyes from the condemned one and faced the one in authority. "How shall it be done?" he asked. After a moment, the answer came. "Break the neck." Upon hearing this, the victim released a heart-rending shriek. It was clear now. There was no hope of reprieve. Her life would end in a matter of minutes, or even seconds. All hope was gone for her now.

The chosen murderer proceeded to the hapless one's side. He placed his massive right hand in position to break her neck as though it was made of so many match sticks. He took a firm grip. The faces of all present were tense, but their attitude was one of cool expectancy.

All were calm but the two who were the center of all attention. She had become quiet and had stopped struggling. Possibly she was praying. The beat of a heart, or two hearts in unison, could be definitely sensed in the ear-splitting stillness of the room. The young man became violently excited. His face grew a deep scarlet in color, the blood vessels at his temples stood out prominently, and he seemed to grow momentarily insane.

In a quick, sharp manner he made the move which broke her neck. It might seem that this was sufficient, but in a blind rage he went further, continuing frantically now, until it was done. Blood flowed as though a faucet had been turned on. Could it be true? Yes it was! He had completely decapitated her with his bare hands. Dear God, was there to be no end to this brutality?

The deed was now done, but apparently satisfaction was not attained. The lifeless, headless body was placed upon a table which had been prepared for it, and the executioner again took his seat in the center of the room. The one who was in charge returned to his position in front of the group and said, "We shall now proceed with the dissection of this White Rock in order to become familiar with the structure and functions of the principal organic systems of the fowl." And so, Poultry Laboratory Exercise Number Two began.

MORTY BALLIN

FOOTBALL CANDIDATES!
DON'T FORGET AUGUST 16th

THE UNAMERICAN SCHOLAR

(With apologies to R. W. Emerson)

Much has been written about the importance of the individual. There are some individuals however, whom we could very well do without. To examine an individual of this type, let us look into a day in the life of a Joe Goldbrick, individualist par excellence.

Joe is the kind of guy who wakes up at 5:30 in the morning and decides to shave. This momentous decision necessitates his going into all the rooms and waking other people until he can borrow a razor blade. He shaves, washes, and brushes his teeth, all with borrowed materials of course.

After finishing his morning chores, he decides to go back to sleep until chow time. This involves rousing six fellows and telling them to wake him for breakfast. At about a quarter to seven the boys start waking Joe. He, of course, swears and refuses to get up, so he sleeps till after seven, then gets up, looks at his watch, thinking tender thoughts about the guys who were to wake him, and then takes off for the dining hall.

Out the door he goes, over the hedge, across the lawn, and arrives at the mess hall when everyone is leaving. He chooses a table that is unoccupied and sits down to eat, criticizes the food, the service and the waiter, who in turn is also cursing him for being so late.

With chow out of the way, it's time for Joe to read someone else's newspaper and get to class five minutes late. In class he borrows pencil and paper and finds out what has happened in his absence, in an earnest effort to disturb as many classmates as he possibly can.

Sometimes he is an eager student, and loves to ask stupid and irrelevant questions, or perhaps to have a lot to say on a subject of which he knows nothing, so all may hear how much knowledge he has. There are however, some courses he dislikes. In these he reads magazines and has a pleasant time muttering, laughing, and making a general nuisance of himself.

With morning classes out of the way, Joe goes back to the dorm and attempts to hustle into a pinochle game where there are already enough players. Unable to get into the game, he just watches and discusses the relative merits of everyone's cards before they are played.

Noon chow is like breakfast for Joe. He is a fast man with the spoon, and usually manages to get the better part of a platter of food onto his plate. The rest of the food often ends up in his neighbor's lap.

Now it's time for Joe's lab. That doesn't last long, for he usually leaves early; through the window. If he doesn't manage to sneak out, he utilizes his time by inventing things and blowing bubbles with glass tubing.

Afternoon, and it's time for Joe's sports activities. It's baseball season so Joe is a baseball star. Ask him, he'll tell you. There he goes now—look how naturally he drops those flies!

No need to describe supper. Let's just say Joe acts his natural

self. After supper, however, Joe is in his prime. A short pushing session in the post office and it's over to the dorm where evening operations really begin.

He is a musician, so study time for the others is practice time for Joe—the louder the better. The canteen is a regular stop on the evening agenda. There are many things to be mooched and the A. A. store is an excellent place to borrow some change. Is it ever paid back? Never!

People are getting ready for bed now, so visiting hour for Joe begins. He is greeted all over with extended feet. This brings on practical joke time which puts Joe in stitches and, if everyone is lucky, he is worn out. When Joe is ready for bed, everyone must be quiet. He detests noise in the dorm. Off to bed he goes, borrowed pajamas and all.

God bless him and his low citizenship rating, which we hope will soon have him packing his bags.

ERNIE COHEN

* * *

MODERN TRENDS IN AGRICULTURE

(Continued from page 11)

Phantasy, pleasant or unpleasant according to taste. But we must realize that science can, and does to a great extent, enter into and transform our entire mode of living.

What will be the economic and social effects of the changes taking place in the agricultural industry?

It is a difficult question, and the answer is controversial. In the opinion of some people, science has not developed in the past for the purpose of human welfare, but partly to secure profits and to increase military superiority. Therefore, these people claim, further perfections of the means of production will only cause evil results such as unemployment. This is not necessarily true. The scientific revolution, instead of displacing workers from their former jobs, will shorten work hours and thus provide more leisure time for cultural and social activities. By solving the problem of poor and overpopulated countries, it may, to some extent, eliminate the reasons for wars of international conflict.

To summarize, I believe that farmers, together with all mankind in this changing world, can look into the future with confidence that it will carry a better and happier era for all.

DANIEL BUGESLOV

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